

Three AM by FreakyFishboy

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Bill is a dom, Choking, Dom/sub, Eddie is very quiet, M/M, OT3, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Richie is a brat, Tozenbrak

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak, Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-11-30

Updated: 2019-11-30

Packaged: 2019-12-19 02:07:31

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,125

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“GO TO SLEEEEP!” Bill yelled as he tossed his pillow across the room at the giggling pile of limbs in the bed above him.

This gave Richie pause. “S’mmy house, Bill,” he said, indignantly. “My house, my rules.”

“Is that so?” Bill smirked as he pushed himself up from the floor, stretching his long limbs slowly, finally succumbing to the fact that he was not getting to sleep any time soon.

Richie raised his eyebrows and gave a slight insulted shrug, nodding once – as if to say, Who else’s rules would it be?

And then Bill was on Rich’s bed, straddling his hips, one hand around his throat, choking him in his grip. After a moment, Bill released the pressure and laid a sharp smack across Richie’s face. “Sorry, whose rules did you say?”

Reaching up to rub his stinging cheek, Richie replied, defeatedly,
“Your rules, Sir.”

Three AM

Author's Note:

I am just a thirst boy and this is my Tozenbrak fic.
Hope you enjoy. Thank.

Finals week had just completed at university and the three boys decided to have a weekend at Richie's tiny one-bedroom rental house, just off campus, to celebrate. It wasn't much, but at least it wasn't the dorms – at least that's how it felt to Bill and Eddie. Richie was just glad to have the company. And a weekend all three of them could spend together was something they had not been able to enjoy in a long while.

Stacking piles of pillows and blankets on Richie's bedroom floor in front of the TV, the three of them settled in for a movie marathon, complete with popcorn, sodas, and the few leftover beers from the house party Richie had hosted early at the beginning of the year, which came way too close to being busted.

A couple classic Godzilla flicks, along with Blade Runner started the night off strong, but when Richie suggested they watch a scary movie next, Eddie shifted uneasily in his seat. Bill looked at Eddie and back to the movie Richie was holding up. He knew Eddie wouldn't really put up a fight on what they watched, but sometimes when things got too scary for Eds, he would lie awake in the dark, afraid of whatever movie monster coming out of the shadows to get him. Even now, at this age. "If Eddie is up all night again because of this, it's your fault," he said to Richie.

Richie thought this particular movie was pretty campy, so he just shrugged and put on the film. But even with the over the top acting and bad special effects, every time something remotely creepy would happen on screen, Eddie would startle and bury his head in Bill's bare shoulder. (Bill was in his pajama pants. Richie, not caring one way or the other, was in only his boxers. Eddie, being the most self-conscious, wore both a t-shirt and sweatpants.) Richie just shook his head at Eddie and said, "Is this too scary for you Eds? I can turn it off if you're too big of a pussy."

"I'm fine," Eddie stated tonelessly, head still buried in Bill's shoulder from the last big scare.

"Whatever," Richie scoffed, rolling his eyes.

When the movie was over, Bill was all but asleep in the pile of pillows on the floor. Eddie, tired but too frightened from the movie to sleep, climbed into Richie's big bed, placing himself close to the wall, and Rich climbed in next to him. For the next few hours the two stayed up watching trash late-late night cable TV programs and cackling maniacally every few minutes at whatever stupid show they were watching. Bill had pulled several pillows up over his head to try to block out the noise that the pair were making, but to no avail.

"Can you two maybe tone it down a notch?" He grumbled at them from under the pillows.

While Richie tried to suppress another fit of laughter, Eddie mumbled, "Sorry, Bill. We'll try to keep it down." He switched off the TV and smacked Rich on the arm in an attempt to staunch his laughter, but only setting him off further.

Eventually the two settled down again, and Bill was just drifting off to sleep when another fit of giggles interrupted his almost-slumber. He groaned into the cotton fluff and shot up. "What is it now?"

This time it was Eddie who was trying to contain his laughter. With a snort, Richie answered, "Have you ever realized that all odd numbers have an 'e' in them?"

Looking irritably at the clock on the bedside table behind him and falling back onto his pile of pillows, the auburn-haired boy replied huffily, "It's three in the fucking morning, Rich."

"Yes!" Richie exclaimed, "t-h-r-E-E!"

Eddie was practically howling now.

"GO TO SLEEEEP!" Bill yelled as he tossed his pillow across the room at the giggling pile of limbs in the bed above him.

This gave Richie pause. "S'my house, Bill," he said, indignantly. "My

house, my rules.”

“Is that so?” Bill smirked as he pushed himself up from the floor, stretching his long limbs slowly, finally succumbing to the fact that he was not getting to sleep any time soon.

Richie raised his eyebrows and gave a slight insulted shrug, nodding once – as if to say, *Who else’s rules would it be?*

And then Bill was on Rich’s bed, straddling his hips, one hand around his throat, choking him in his grip. After a moment, Bill released the pressure and laid a sharp smack across Richie’s face. “Sorry, whose rules did you say?”

Reaching up to rub his stinging cheek, Richie replied, defeatedly, “Your rules, Sir.”

“Good,” Bill nodded happily to himself.

“Well if you wanted me to go to sleep, good fucking luck now,” Richie moved slightly under Bill so that he could feel the beginnings of the stiffness there.

Bill just chuckled and drew Richie in for a deep kiss, hands snaking their way through his tousled hair.

Next to the two, the bed shifted. Eddie was bouncing up and down on his knees excitedly, staring at the two fixedly, “Oh! I wanna play, too!”

Pulling himself from the kiss with the brown-haired boy, Bill smiled mischievously and reached out to Eddie, pushing him at the wall behind him and choking him against it. Eddie let out a soft mewl of pleasure and Bill licked his lips, untangling his other hand from Richie’s hair, so he could move closer to Eddie.

Richie whined at the loss of contact, but Bill ignored him, shifting himself so that he was in front of Eddie. He grabbed both of Eddie’s small wrists in one of his large, strong hands and pinned them to the wall above his head, kissing him roughly and placing small bites along his neck. Bill let Eddie’s hands down for a moment to remove his t-shirt, and then they were pinned again above his head, and Bill

was back to biting and kissing.

The sounds that Bill was drawing from Eddie were driving Richie wild. He watched Bill kiss the darker haired male possessively and reached out to palm himself through his boxers to relieve some of the tension there.

A small grunt escaped Rich and Bill turned to look at him. "Did I say you could touch yourself, Trashmouth?" he snarked, slapping Richie's hand away from himself.

"Come *on*, Bill," Richie huffed, reaching out to give himself a long stroke over his boxers.

Bill sneered at him incredulously. "Are you fucking serious right now? What the fuck did I just say?" he spat.

Reluctantly, Richie removed his hand from where it was on top of his boxers and set it down deliberately on the bed beside him. He worried his lower lip with his teeth as he looked into Bill's bright blue eyes. "I'm sorry, Sir," he began. "May I please touch myself?" After a moment's hesitation, he added a second "Please?" for good measure.

With an affirmative nod from Bill, Richie scrambled to remove his boxers, freeing his length from within them, and settling back into place to look over at the other two as he began to stroke himself slowly.

Smirking, Bill slid out of his pajama pants and the briefs underneath. He turned back to Eddie and instructed him to strip. "I don't know, Bill. Err... Sir," came Eddie's hesitant reply.

With a soft kiss against his cheek, Bill whispered to Eddie, "Be a good boy, Eds." He was much less stern with Eddie than he was with Richie because Richie was a brat on purpose. Eddie was just nervous.

Timidly, and a bit awkwardly, Eddie kicked off his sweatpants and Bill threw them off the edge of the bed. Hooking his fingers in the waistband of Eddie's briefs, Bill pulled those from Eddie's hips, down his legs and finally off around his feet, and again they were sent to

the floor from the edge of the bed.

The two surveyed each other for a moment, before Bill pulled him into another kiss and then pushed him down and back against the pillows at the head of the bed. Bill situated himself on the bed between Eddie and Richie, all three leaning against the headboard. He looked at Richie and smiled appreciatively at the slow, lazy way the brown-eyed boy was caressing himself. He eyed Eddie again. "Touch yourself for me, Eds."

The smaller boy took a quick breath in as he shyly began to rub at the head of his cock. Bill's eyes gleamed as he briefly locked eyes with Eddie. A flush rose on Eddie's face and he threw his head back, closing his eyes, stroking himself down to the base and back up.

Bill placed a kiss on either boy's cheek, saying "Good boys," before starting to work himself with a firm grip, faster than Richie's languid strokes, but slow enough to relish each movement. A soft groan escaped his lips as he stroked himself, enjoying the show happening on either side of him.

Leaning into the curly-haired boy's shoulder, Bill sunk his teeth into the skin there making Richie moan appreciatively. Adjusting slightly to pull Eddie closer to him, Bill reached out to rub Eddie's cock with his free hand, while continuing to stroke his own length with the other, and placed another biting kiss against Richie's shoulder.

"Fuck," Richie exhaled. "Sir, may I please cum?" he asked Bill breathlessly.

"Abso-fucking-lutely not," Bill growled.

A squeak left Richie's mouth as he stuttered out, "W-what?" He always had to ask, but he'd never been told no. "Bill, I'm gonna cum," he whined as he ran his hand down his cock again.

Bill turned to look squarely at Richie, "You better fucking not cum until I tell you can, Trashmouth. You've been a total pain."

Richie was stunned. Eddie had stopped moving, behind the two of them, not sure what to do with himself.

“Get your hand off your cock, Trashmouth. Or I will move it for you.” Bill was deadly serious. But Richie couldn’t pass up a chance to be unruly.

Looking from Bill and back to his length in his grip, and back to Bill, Richie bit his lower lip and fluttered his eyelashes at Bill. He moved his hand to rub the head of his cock, and arched his back much more dramatically than necessary.

In a flash, Bill pounced on him, ripping open the drawer to Richie’s bedside table to get at the handcuffs Richie had stashed there. He locked one of Rich’s wrists in, moving his arm up to the bedpost and wrapping the chain around the back. He grabbed for Richie’s other hand, still on his cock, but his grip had loosened in the surprise and brought it up to lock it above him as well.

Richie got in his own sort of revenge though, for while Bill was focused on cuffing his second hand, Rich clamped onto one of his nipples with his teeth, making Bill squirm.

Moaning in both surprise and delight, Bill pushed Richie away. “That’s quite enough of that, Trashmouth.” But he gave Richie a deep kiss before turning to look back at Eddie.

On the far side of the bed, eyes wide, fingers still firmly gripping the base of his cock, Eddie Kaspbrak sat frozen. His steel grey eyes met Bill’s bright blue ones and quickly looked away as a flush rose on his face again.

The taller boy studied the darker haired boy for a moment before carefully crawling over to him to give him a kiss on the cheek and whisper to him, “Are you okay, Eds?”

“I’m just...” he trailed off for a moment. Eddie looked up at Bill again, eyes shining, “I’m just really turned on,” he finished.

“Oh.” Bill replied, curtly, chuckling softly.

Gently straddling Eddie, Bill began to kiss his way down the boy’s body, starting at his neck and making a painfully slow trail to his stomach. He stopped just below his navel, to nip at and suck the soft,

sensitive flesh there, pulling a whine from Eddie as he did so.

“What do you want, Eds?” he smirked, looking up at him. Knowing that often, Eddie became nonverbal when he was this turned on (too much going on in his head at once to focus on words, he had one time explained), his question prompted nothing but another pained whine from Eddie, and Bill sunk his teeth into Eddie’s hip, causing Eddie to hiss and buck up against Bill’s body which was pinning his lower half to the bed.

“You. Have. To. Use. Your. Words,” Bill said, each word punctuated by another bite to his hip or stomach.

A discontented moan came from the far side of the bed as the chains on Richie’s handcuffs clanked uselessly around the bedpost.

Bill paused to survey his work. Two gorgeous frustrated boys. All his.

He considered them for a moment, “Hmm... am I being too harsh?” He said this in a mocking tone, giving Richie a theatrical pouty face, wiping a mock tear from his eye.

From one of his cuffed hands, Richie gave Bill the finger.

“And to think that I was just about to uncuff you!” Bill chided him, teasingly.

Richie grimaced, and added a second middle finger from his other hand.

Now that Eddie had time to calm himself down a bit, Bill turned his attention back to the dark-haired boy. “Eds,” he said sternly, hovering over him as he gripped Eddie’s throat in his hand, applying pressure.

“Yes, sir?” Eddie managed to get out, under Bill’s grasp.

Letting the other boy’s throat free, Bill leaned down to kiss his temple and whisper, “Good boy. Now, what do you want?”

Looking over at the curly-haired boy in handcuffs sitting helplessly on the other side of the bed, Eddie licked his lips. “Can I... I want to

suck Richie off. While you fuck me. Sir.” Eddie flushed from his face down to his chest, but his eyes were filled with lust as he looked at Richie.

A toothy grin crossed Bill’s face as he said, “I think that can be arranged.” He pulled Eddie into a kiss, biting Eddie’s lower lip softly as they slowly parted.

Moving to grab the lube from Richie’s bedside table drawer, Bill “accidentally” brushed against Richie’s cock with the side of his body as he did so. “Fuck you, Denbrough,” Richie croaked.

“That’s ‘Fuck you, Sir,’ to you, Trashmouth,” Bill laughed, nipping at Richie’s neck.

Eddie’s legs were spread and he was waiting as Bill lubed up his fingers, and began to slowly circle Eddie’s hole. Eddie moaned softly as Bill pushed in with a single finger, and began to pump in and out. Soon he added another, spreading the two apart as he fingered Eddie’s asshole, hitting the boy’s sensitive prostate as he did so. A bit after adding a third finger, Eddie managed to say, “Stop... Ready.”

“Thank fuck,” came Richie’s reply. He was practically drooling, watching Eddie get his asshole fingered by Bill. “Get these cuffs off of me... Please. Sir.”

Bill laughed menacingly as Rich’s face fell, “That’s a good one, Trashmouth.”

Giggling, Eddie scrambled to get into position – Ass in the air, mouth near Richie’s cock. He was much more in control of Richie right now than he had ever been before, and it was a very interesting prospect. He began to slowly stroke the shaft of Richie’s cock as Bill arranged himself behind him, rolling a condom pulled from the bedside table onto his cock.

Hissing at the pleasure of finally being touched again, Richie bucked into Eddie’s hand slightly. Eddie licked a leisurely trail down Richie’s shaft and then took him all in his mouth, flicking his head with his tongue. Bill grabbed at Eddie’s ass to spread his cheeks wide as he positioned himself at his entrance and slowly, deliberately pressed his

length into Eddie's hole.

Moaning onto Richie's cock, Eddie rocked his hips back against Bill's body, as he thrust in and out. Bill thrust harder into Eddie, gripping his hips for purchase, making small grunts in time with his momentum. Bill reached one hand around to stroke Eddie's cock as he pumped himself in and out of the boy's asshole.

Richie whined as Eddie worked his cock with his mouth. Eddie moved slowly at first, but he was growing more desperate and hungry with every moment. Richie drove his hips up, urging Eddie to take more of Richie's length into his mouth and Eddie happily obliged.

Behind Eddie, Bill's thrusts became frenzied and he dug his fingernails into Eddie's skin. "I'm gonna fucking cum," he breathed. With a few more frantic thrusts, Bill let out a long, deep moan, and he was spent.

Working at Eddie's cock furiously from behind him, Bill kissed Eddie's back and nipped his way down his side. Eddie groaned around Richie's cock as he felt the tension inside of him ready to burst.

Richie was a moaning mess, he was thrusting himself into Eddie's mouth and watching as Eddie thrust against Bill's hand and he was right on the edge. Head lolling to the side, he looked at Bill, "Can I come now, please, sir?" he begged.

Flashing that toothy smile again, Bill nodded. "Both of you. I want you to cum for me."

All it took was that and a few more strokes of Bill's hand on Eddie's length, a few more flicks of Eddie's tongue against the head of Richie's cock, and both of them were sent over the edge. Richie came into Eddie's mouth, and Eddie enthusiastically swallowed it down, and gave Richie's cock one last lick. Eddie had cum mostly on his own stomach, so Bill ran to the bathroom to get a warm washcloth after he had slowly pulled out.

Tossing Eddie the washcloth, Bill uncuffed Richie from the bedpost

and kissed him softly. He rubbed his wrists with lotion that he had also brought back from the bathroom.

Turning to Eddie, Bill took the washcloth from him and finished wiping him down. He kissed Eddie's cheek and moved to set the washcloth on the bedside table.

Settling in between the two other boys, Bill smiled happily to himself. Richie leaned his head against Bill's chest and Eddie buried himself in his neck on the other side. Bill wrapped his arms around both of them. "You two were brilliant tonight, you know that?" he said.

A satisfied hum was Eddie's response.

Richie looked over at the clock. "Hey, guess what? It's five a.m."

Bill gave Rich a quizzical look.

A grin made it's way across Richie's face, "f-i-v-E!"

"Shut the fuck up, Trashmouth," Bill grumbled.